

# The Critic

ELEVENTH YEAR. VOL. XVI. No. 392. THE CRITIC, No. 489. NEW SERIES; GOOD LITERATURE, No. 547

NEW YORK, JULY 4. 1891

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## The Critic

Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1891.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Damsell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; and American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

### Literature

#### The "Brantwood" Ruskin \*

IT IS A LATE, long-delayed but highly appreciated compliment to America, that Mr. Ruskin has at length permitted his innumerable admirers here to follow his thought in an 'authorized' edition of works long since classic and perennially fresh. It seemed as if Westminster Abbey were about to close over a great heart without this graceful act of recognition, if not of reparation, and as if American eyes were always to gaze on Ruskin's enchanted gardens through casual glimpses and crevices of the wall. At length, however, Mr. Ruskin has consented to be 'Americanized'—to the extent, at least, of having a business representative in the United States; and the result is a series of volumes faultless in type, delightful in manufacture, and as unpretentious in externals as those Arabian houses which, without, present simply surfaces of plain wall, but within are all dazzling with play of flower and fountain. Each light, manageable volume is clad like Robin Hood in a robe of dark-green: within all is white, clean, pure, beautifully distinct and clear—a gem and a charm of print and leaf. Thoughts so sculptural and so rich in tracery and emblem as Mr. Ruskin's are set in purer relief by printer's work of this kind. An artist's beautiful thought may be thrown on wet plaster or translated by stinging acids or incised with a cunning edge; yet he should be the judge and chooser of the medium. How many royal mummies are found encased in precious gums and spices, gorgeous in cartouche and scarabæus, while the real kings languish tombless and spiceless in neglected graves!

In forty-eight years Ruskin has undergone many a change. Just that long ago the first of his works—the first volume of 'Modern Painters'—emerged from the press, when the author was twenty-four years old. When we remember at how early an age many a genius has died and yet, like Keats, left immortal work, and that Ruskin is still writing and hewing on his immortality, the inequalities of fortune seem doubly strange, and the opportunities given to men stranger still. Yet Giotto's Tower was the work of generations, and the workers on it fell away into their glorious anonymity as one by one they finished their labors and left but chisel-mark or perfect column as their memorial. Even so the memorial tower of the English tongue shines more and more in its finished perfection, whether its workers have wrought on it a year or a day. In all these years Ruskin has been at work, not only chiselling exquisite phrases which ring themselves through all the flexibilities of English speech, but hewing into shape definitions of architecture, art, morals, and imagination which the world will not let die. These volumes are full of the recantations of a noble spirit, but the world cares not whether the Ruskin of to-day resembles the Ruskin of half a century ago: it would rather they were distinctly different—as they are. The jewel we saw at Amsterdam last year, rough but radiant, is now resplendent with angles

and gleams, with lines and lights that dwelt in it then, undeveloped, under the crystalline crust. The two could not possibly remain alike. So, in the two volumes devoted in the Brantwood edition to 'Modern Painters,' Ruskin's ejaculatory footnotes and *peccavis* are simply interesting as an autobiographic study, like Wordsworth's prefaces: the twisting and recoiling on themselves is a nervous phenomenon peculiar to men of sensitive genius. Every lover of Ruskin has a distinct camera-image of the man and his fructifying power, no matter what his attempts to swallow himself, show himself consistent, or explain what is after all inexplicable—a man's opinion. In reading these volumes, however, there is the fresh and piquant sensation of reading a classic explained and annotated by himself: as if, perchance, one came on a *palimpsest* of Sophocles containing the 'Antigone,' with explanatory notes by the author!

It is the same with the lovely 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' uniting their seven-fold radiance of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience into one glowing and streaming Hymn to Architectural Beauty: Ruskin's notes and new prefaces may contradict the text as tricksily and æolianly as they will; nobody cares: it is Ruskin still: self-contradictory, inconsistent, even flippant, if you please, but divinely, curiously poetic. Such editions please two ranks of readers: the young and the old, the lovers of poetry and beauty and exuberance, and those of reason, moral indignation, and faith. How should we rejoice if we possessed the young orations of Cicero or the whispering articulations of the Homer of a hundred years! The twin Ruskin is a Janus-mask which fits perfectly brain to brain—whether one turn its back on the other or not. Ruskin 'disapproving' Ruskin through these volumes is therefore interesting as a curiosity of literature, and does not lessen at all the impression of the man's amazing force of sincerity. All the saints have done the same. It is only the sinners who never disapprove their sinful selves.

In 'The Two Paths' one sees in transit the rapid evolution of Ruskin's artistic sense in the direction of intense moral teaching and conviction. The art of the middle ages is so full of faith, love and beauty that it quickens these germs to flame in him, and he preaches in words of fire the doctrine of faithful, loving and beautiful work. Once ignited this flame never dies in him, whether he is lecturing to young girls, as in 'Sesame and Lilies,' or to workmen, as in 'Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne.' Many of these noble teachings are lucidly brought out in Mr. Norton's admirable prefaces.]

#### Allen's "Flute and Violin" \*

'FLUTE AND VIOLIN, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances' is a volume of short stories, by James Lane Allen. Of these 'Sister Dolorosa' stands easily first, and one instinctively turns to it in opening the volume for review. Its interest centres in and around the Convent of Lorette in Kentucky, its heroine is an inmate of that convent, and its hero a typical Kentuckian whom chance has brought and inclination has kept in a farm-house in the vicinity of the convent. Two or three times he and Sister Dolorosa meet as she is crossing the fields at twilight, returning from some errand of mercy. His interest in her deepens, he seeks admission to the convent, and she is detailed to conduct him over the buildings and through the grounds. He goes to church to hear her sing, and finally concludes to write to her, tell her that he loves her and ask her to leave the convent and marry him. She refuses, but he awakens a response in her heart, and that night outside the chapel door their one love-scene occurs, no part of which does the author allow the reader to enjoy. He is wounded the next day by the accidental discharge of his gun, and when he is carried home bleeding and convinced he is about to die, he writes to her and begs her to come and be united to him before

\* Works of John Ruskin. Modern Painters (3 vols.), Sesame and Lilies, The Two Paths, Time and Tide, Ethics of the Dust. 6 vols. \$1.50 each. The Seven Lamps of Architecture. \$2.75. With prefaces by Charles Eliot Norton. (Authorized American Edition.) Chat. E. Merrill & Co.

\* 'Flute and Violin,' By James Lane Allen. \$1. Harper & Bros.

death takes him from her forever. A terrible fever ensues, and the letter is not delivered until he is convalescent. It then goes to its destination without his knowledge and by another hand. Reading it and believing him dying, for she has heard nothing of his illness, she throws her vows aside and hastens to him. He awakens from a deep sleep to find her kneeling by him, and, unconscious of what has brought her and thinking of nothing but his cruel folly in having broken in upon her peace, he tells her she is right in refusing him, that he has only been unkind in urging her to give up the life she felt compelled to live, and that she must consider him no longer but go back to her work and forget him. It is only much later that he learns the truth (for she left him instantly and without a word) and knows that she came in answer to his entreaty, and then his anguish has no bounds. For him she has broken what is the most sacred obligation of her life, and in return he has given her an exhortation to be faithful to her vows—he has been most unkind when he has striven to be kindest. It is too late, however: she is lost to him forever. She asks to be sent to take charge of the lepers at Molokai. The vessel is wrecked on the way there and she perishes in the storm.

The story is most beautiful—perfect in conception and perfect in execution. It strikes no false note from beginning to end. One might feel disposed at first to cavil at being shut out from the love-scene on the church steps, but in these days of the realists when so much is told it is something of a relief to have it all left to the imagination in this case. The spectacle of a man voluntarily giving up the woman he loves and reminding her of her duty when to send her back to it means to forfeit his own happiness in life is rather an unusual one, but the episode is very necessary to the development of the characters. The woman had to go back to the convent, and no hand but his could have sent her there again. That she should have wished to expiate her fault by devoting herself to the lepers is entirely natural, and yet she had grown into her author's heart as she grows into the heart of the reader, and he evidently could not bear that the taint of leprosy should touch her, and so he caused her death by drowning. Her intention was none the less heroic because it was frustrated in this violent manner. We have dwelt upon this particular story because it is the most important in the volume. Each one of the others, however, is worthy of distinct consideration in its way.

After the War it was natural that the Negro should be the chief feature in all Southern literature. He has been, we might almost say, its exclusive feature up to the present moment. He has served his purpose and had ample justice done him, and now the time has come when the literature of the South can afford to drop him and strive for something higher and better. It seems that the one man in the South capable of lifting its fiction above the level of Negro dialect stories is James Lane Allen. His style is classic; somewhat stilted at times, perhaps, but always polished, dignified and refined; his ideals are lofty and he lives up to them; each piece of work is a little better than the one that went before it; and we can look forward most hopefully to the work which is to come in the future.

#### Mrs. Orr's Life of Browning \*

THE BIOGRAPHY of Browning presented in these handsome volumes is 'authoritative,' and to this its merits and its defects are alike partially due. Mrs. Orr was long an intimate friend of the poet, who gave her many hints for her well-known 'Handbook'; and his son and his sister have afforded her invaluable assistance in the preparation of the present work. They have furnished her with a large part of her material, including most of the letters, and their wishes have been consulted as to what that was available for the book should be suppressed. If we do not find in it all that we hoped for, we may nevertheless be grateful that we get

\* Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. 2 vols. \$3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

so much that is new and interesting concerning the poet's personality and that throws fresh light upon his works.

In her account of his ancestry Mrs. Orr has evidently been admonished to begin, so far at least as details are concerned, with his grandfather, who, like his father, was a clerk in the Bank of England. It has been whispered in London that members of the family were not altogether pleased when Dr. Furnivall, in his elaborate paper on 'Robert Browning's Ancestors,' read before the Browning Society in February, 1890, brought out the fact that the poet's great-grandfather was butler to Sir John Banks of Corfe Castle. Browning himself appears to have taken no interest in the family tradition that he was descended from Brownings who, in earlier times, belonged to the landed gentry. Mrs. Orr says:—'He preserved the old framed coat-of-arms handed down to him from his grandfather, and used, without misgiving as to his right to do so, a signet-ring engraved from it, the gift of a favorite uncle in years gone by. But, so long as he was young, he had no reason to think about his ancestors; and, when he was old, he had no reason to care about them; he knew himself to be, in every possible case, the most important fact in his family history.' That the arms, as Furnivall has shown, were probably adopted, without right, by one of his ancestors would not have troubled him in the least.

Dr. Furnivall proved that there was no foundation for the belief, current in the poet's lifetime, that he had Jewish blood in his veins. There seemed to be some evidence of a Negro admixture through the marriage of the grandfather with a Creole, born in the West Indies; but Mrs. Orr shows quite conclusively that this lady was a Creole in the strict sense of the term and therefore pure Caucasian. On the paternal side the poet was thoroughly English; on the maternal, Scotch and German. His mother's name, Wiedemann or Wiedeman, appears in a merely contracted form as that of one of the oldest families naturalized in Venice. It became connected by marriage with the Rezzonico family; and, by a curious coincidence, the last of these who occupied the palace now owned by the poet's son, and where he himself died, was a Widman-Rezzonico.

The salary and attendant perquisites, at that time liberal, which Browning's father had in the Bank enabled him to gratify his scholarly and artistic tastes and to give his son a good education. As Mrs. Orr remarks, much that was genius in the son existed as talent in the father. He was a great reader and remembered what he read; and he had also a remarkable gift at versifying. His wife, the poet's mother, was described by Carlyle as 'the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman.' She was of a delicate and nervous temperament, and, Mrs. Orr believes, bequeathed to her son a certain 'undue physical sensitiveness to mental causes of irritation,' with tendencies to liver and throat troubles. His constitution was not altogether so robust as it appeared to be.

Browning almost 'lisp'd in numbers,' and had produced an entire volume of short poems, markedly Byronic in character, before he was twelve years old. All these juvenile efforts in verse he afterwards destroyed; but some of his father's rhymes have been circulated more recently as his own, the substitution having, perhaps, at first been accidental. One of his earliest critics and patrons was the Unitarian minister, W. J. Fox, whom he made his confidant when he published 'Pauline' anonymously, his parents not being in the secret. Fox eulogized the poem in a magazine, and Browning never forgot the service. John Forster was also one who early recognized his genius. The friendship of Fox brought him into acquaintance with Talfourd and Macready; and Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Monckton Milnes, Dickens, Wordsworth, and Landor were soon added to the list.

The chapter which tells of his introduction to Miss Barrett, their engagement, and their runaway marriage, is one of the most interesting in the book. She was then



the more famous of the two, and he seemed likely to be known rather as 'Miss Barrett's husband' than on account of any work of his own. She felt keenly the injustice done him by an unappreciative public, and in her letters gave emphatic expression to her disgust at its 'blindness, deafness, and stupidity' with reference to 'Robert.' He had then more honor in this country than in England. Mrs. Browning, in Florence, writes to a friend in England:—

An English lady of rank, an acquaintance of ours (observe that!), asked, the other day, the American Minister, whether Robert was not an American. The Minister answered, 'Is it possible that *you* ask me this? Why, there is not so poor a village in the United States where they would not tell you that Robert Browning was an Englishman, and that they were sorry he was not an American.' Very pretty of the American Minister—was it not?—and literally true besides. . . . In America he is a power, a writer, a poet—he is read—he lives in the hearts of the people. 'Browning readings' here in Boston—'Browning evenings' there. . . . The English hunt lions, too, but their lions are chiefly chosen among lords and railway kings.

And this, be it noted, was thirty or more years ago—long before the days of Browning societies, and when anything like a 'boom' in behalf of the poet was never dreamed of. If there had been a copyright on the Boston editions of Browning then, it would have paid the poet better than 'Chapman's returns' (his London publisher) to the meagreness of which Mrs. Browning refers with undisguised contempt.

Her letters, it may be noted, so far as they are given by Mrs. Orr, are more interesting than his, the few fragments taken from the latter doing small credit to his epistolary talent. Sometimes they are as obscure as certain portions of his poems. A foot-note might well have been inserted here and there to explain allusions which must be enigmatical to the majority of readers. Writing from Asolo in 1878, for instance, he says:—

I dare say she [his sister] will have told you how we trudged together this morning to Possagno—through a lovely country: how we saw all the wonders—and a wonder of detestability is the paint-performance of the great man!—and how, on our return, we found the little town enjoying high market day, and its privilege of roaring and screaming over a bargain.

How many readers of *The Critic* could tell who 'the great man' was, and what was his detestable 'paint-performance'? Even if they happen to know that Canova was born at Possagno, they may not be aware that he painted an altar-piece for the church there, which was designed by him and erected at his expense.

Mrs. Orr's style is not always so clear as we could wish, and sometimes we are actually dependent on the context for a clue to the sense. She says of Mrs. Browning, for example, that 'she evidently had a keen insight into character, which made her complete suspension of judgment on the subject of spiritualism very difficult to understand.' 'Suspension of judgment' has one established meaning—delay in passing judgment—and cannot be used, as it appears to be euphemistically employed here, to express lack or perversion of judgment.

The work, however, has been for the most part done with good taste and discretion. If not the complete biography that we could have desired, it is admirable as far as it goes; and it is gratifying to have its trustworthiness in regard to personal details guaranteed by the poet's family. If we regret that they have withheld much that we should have liked to know, we must admit that it was their right to do it; and from the poet's well-known repugnance to intrusion into his private life on the part of strangers, we may doubt whether, if he had written his own life, it would have been as full as this posthumous memoir.

The publishers have done their work almost faultlessly. The mechanical execution is in the best style of the Riverside Press, and the size and binding of the volumes are uniform with the complete edition of the poems published by the same house. The only typographical error we have

noted is 'Guidecca' for 'Giudecca' on page 474. A portrait of Browning from the painting by his son forms a frontispiece to the first volume, and a view of his study at his London residence in De Vere Gardens to the second.

#### Brinton's "American Race" \*

THE ERROR of Columbus, which gave to the natives of America the name of a people of Hindostan, has left a legacy of perplexity to most of the European languages. French ethnologists, who dislike to apply the name of Indians to the aborigines of this continent, can find no better designation for them than that of Redskins (Peaux Rouges), a name neither elegant nor strictly accurate. Dr. Brinton, whose numerous and valuable studies of this people entitle him to be considered the best authority on the subject, cuts the knot by insisting that 'to the ethnographer they are only "Americans," and their name is "the American Race."'

Under this title he has summed up the results of his studies in a volume which, if not the best of his published writings, will probably be found the most useful and be most frequently consulted. He has taken up the work which Gallatin began more than fifty years ago, in his excellent 'Synopsis of the American Tribes,'—that of classifying these tribes by their languages, and describing the physical traits, character and customs of each tribal family or 'stock'; and he has carried it out in a style not inferior to that of his eminent predecessor, with all the advantages gained to science since Gallatin's day. The 'Synopsis' was, by a necessity of the time, limited to a part of North America, while Dr. Brinton's work covers the whole continent. The labor involved in it must have been very great. In particular, the task of classifying the numerous South American septa, and bringing the confused ethnography of that half of the continent into order, must have required long and careful research among many obscure sources,—a fact of which the frequent references in the footnotes give evidence. The author finds the total number of linguistic stocks or families,—that is, of sub-races, speaking languages totally distinct from one another in words and grammar,—to be 'about eighty in North and as many in South America.' Many of these are sub-divided into minor bands, each having its own dialect, frequently as different from the others as the French is from the Italian and Spanish, and sometimes as unlike as the English is to the Persian. We may gather from the 'Index of Subjects' that there are over two thousand of these dialect-languages,—probably a much greater number than can be found among all the other races of the globe together. This linguistic profusion does not seem to be due so much to the isolation of the septa as to the extraordinary endowment of the 'language-making faculty' which the American race evidently possesses, and which renders the analysis of their complex idioms a study of peculiar interest to philologists. It may be said, in fact, that this study is gradually transforming the whole science of comparative philology.

Dr. Brinton follows the distinguished French archæologist, Gabriel de Mortillet, in bringing the earliest inhabitants of America from Europe by way of the land connection which existed in late quaternary times between northern Europe and America. Over this great land-bridge the people of the earlier Stone Ages made their way, along with their huge four footed contemporaries, the mastodon and mammoth. The evidences of this origin seem, in fact, to be decisive. The author shows clearly that the earliest emigrants could not have come in the other directions usually suggested, by way of Bering's Straits or the Pacific islands, inasmuch as northern Asia was uninhabitable in those early ages, and the Polynesian Islands were not peopled until about two thousand years ago. The discussion of this and other questions in Dr. Brinton's introductory chapter is of great interest.

\* The American Race: A Linguistic Classification and Ethnographic Description of the Native Tribes. By Daniel G. Brinton. 32. N. D. C. Hodges.

One serious deficiency in the work must be noted, and should be rectified in another edition. A treatise on linguistic ethnography needs an ethnographic or linguistic map. Gallatin set an admirable example in this respect, which other ethnologists have been careful to follow,—including our author himself in his volume on 'The Gueguence.' Without such aid few readers will be able to locate in any but a very vague fashion the numerous tribes mentioned in the volume. In spite of this drawback, however, the book must be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions of our century to the twin sciences of ethnology and comparative philology. As a work of reference, it will be indispensable to every student of American archaeology and linguistics.

#### "The Philosophy of Right"\*

THE SUPERIORITY of ancient Italy in the development and administration of law is one of the commonplaces of history, and since the establishment of the present Italian Kingdom her scholars and statesmen have renewed the work. For some time it has been known to special students of jurisprudence that valuable works on the philosophy and history of law were appearing in Italy, and it was quite natural, therefore, that Mr. Hastie, who had already translated some works of the kind from the German, should give us a version of an Italian treatise. The author is a Professor in the University of Naples, and his work was originally prepared, he says, as an aid in his professional teaching. Mr. Hastie's translation is in smooth and flowing English, and the style has a clearness and refinement which betoken similar qualities in the original. We must raise a protest, however, against the use of the English word *right* in the sense given it in this book—a sense synonymous with that of the Latin *jus*. The Latin word, like others of the same meaning in some modern languages, means legal right only, whereas the English word, unless specially qualified, means moral right; and hence it is somewhat puzzling to read in this book about the 'sharp distinction between right and morality.' It may be a misfortune that our language has no word like *jus*; but the use of *right* in that sense, without some modifying term, is liable to mislead.

As regards the substance of Prof. Liroy's book, there is not much in it that can be called original, and it is far less philosophical than its title would lead one to expect. The prolegomena contain several chapters on the history of philosophical speculation, especially on the subjects of ethics and law; but the author adds little or nothing from his own resources. His philosophical standpoint is that of spiritualism as opposed to materialism, and he adopts in the main the views of his countryman Gioberti. In the philosophy of law itself he holds to the doctrine of natural right, but without contributing anything new to its elucidation.

The greater part of the book, and the most valuable, is historical, giving an account of the development of the more important forms of legal right in the leading countries of the world and of the progress of political and juridical speculation. The body of the work is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of 'The Objects of Right'—that is, the various matters to which the laws relate, and which are classed under seven heads:—religion, science, art, industry, commerce, morality and the administration of justice. Education is treated in the chapter on science, and property and contracts in those on industry and commerce. The author is an advocate of private property, and takes little account of the socialistic doctrines that are now so rife. The second division of the work, which occupies the whole of Volume II., is devoted to 'The Subjects of Right,' by which is meant the individual and the various societies and organizations that have to be regulated by law,

\* The Philosophy of Right, with Special Reference to the Principles and Development of Law. By Diodato Liroy. Trans. from the Italian by W. Hastie, 2 vols. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

and some of which are the sources or instruments of law. These are divided into eight:—the individual, the family, the orders and classes of society, the local community or commune, the province, the state, the society of the states and international law, and humanity. Of these, the state in its internal and external relations necessarily occupies the greater portion of the field. Prof. Liroy, however, does not spend much time discussing the principle of sovereignty, and he has little to say on the much-debated question of the proper limits of state action.

In treating the various topics the author begins with an historical sketch of the matter in hand, showing what legal principles have been applied to it in the leading historic nations; usually continuing with an account of the various theories that have been broached by thinkers on the same subject. Throughout his book, however, he naturally has reference, more or less explicitly, to the laws and legal wants of his own country, which serve him as a basis of comparison. But the laws of ancient Rome and the political institutions of England are necessarily prominent throughout; and American students who have not already traversed the ground which this work covers will find it of much service. Though Prof. Liroy's treatise cannot take rank with the great original works in political science, it is much superior to the mass of works on the subject appearing at the present day.

#### "Landscape-Gardening"\*

WE CONFESS to a slight disappointment on reading Mr. Parsons's handsomely illustrated volume. His long and varied experience as landscape-designer, florist and Superintendent of Parks led us to expect a work inferior in no way, and at some points superior, to the works of Downing and other recognized authorities. But, except in his longer lists of trees, shrubs and flowering plants, and his considerations as to their availability for spring, summer, autumn and winter effects, there is little that is superior to the old teaching, or even different from it. Mr. Parsons reiterates many times the admirable general principle that the natural character of the ground should be carefully studied, and that the natural forces acting on it should be aided and their results artistically emphasized by the landscape-gardener—a principle which should logically result in a different mode of treatment for each special formation of the surface. But instead of taking a number of typical cases, he considers only the general case in which a flat, or nearly flat, lawn may be made the principal feature of a place. He insists, too, on a single, universal mode of treatment for all lawns—a mode which, we are willing to admit, secures the greatest amount of variety in each particular place, but which sometimes must necessitate a loss of individual character. Much may, indeed, be said in favor of the fashion which makes the open lawn, with its irregular border of trees and shrubbery, the central object of all the gardener's efforts; but there are many places in which nature has made no preparation for a lawn, but has provided admirably for other and perhaps more picturesque effects. Few of these, as we have intimated, are considered. We cannot share Mr. Parsons's antipathy to groves, though close-grown trees do prevent the formation of turf; and it is not requisite to our enjoyment of a grass-plot that it be always fresh-mown. Attempts to make a small place look big do not always meet with our approbation; nor should we condemn unheard the man who should go in for 'a garden enclosed' with a ten-foot wall—not even if he were to strew broken glass on the top of the latter. Where seclusion is desirable, a screen of deciduous shrubs is a poor substitute.

But to read of things green and blooming is always pleasant, even in florists' catalogues; and some reliable guide is necessary to enable one to choose from their myriads of new plants and new varieties those best suited to one's circumstances, and most likely to flourish. Such guidance is

\* Landscape-Gardening. By Samuel Parsons. \$3.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



afforded in Mr. Parsons's chapters. Now and then, he indulges in some pleasant personal reminiscences; and his account of his 'Grandmother's Garden' and of his experiments in pond-planting are far from being the least valuable pages of his book, which is beautifully bound and printed and is illustrated in a manner to set everybody planting and sowing who has a square-yard of ground at his disposal.

#### Theological and Religious Literature

THAT REMARKABLE series of phenomena of human thought and effort for the revival of mediæval ideas and institutions called 'Tractarianism,' or 'the Oxford Movement,' has had several historians, and in the list of the makers of the miscellaneous literature concerning it are famous knights of the pen. Of the ninety tracts from which one of its names was derived, Newman wrote twenty-four, while Keble, R. H. Froude, Rose, Percival, Faber and Pusey were also active in the attempt to stem the tide of evangelical life in the Church and political liberalism in the State. One of the survivors of this influential band of Churchmen was the late R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, who passed away before this book of his was published. It is entitled 'The Oxford Movement: Twelve Years: 1833-45,' and is an indexed octavo, printed and bound according to the best traditions of English book-making. The narrator tells the story from within, as a friend, eye-witness and participant. His purpose is not to write a full history or deliver a philosophical judgment, but 'simply to preserve a contemporary memorial' of what seemed to him a true and noble effort, and a short scene of religious earnestness and aspiration to which religious society of all kinds in England owes an infinite debt. It is certain that the story of the movement, as told from the inside by one of its friends, makes a vastly different showing from the more or less distorted pictures painted by hostile critics. Dean Church has gone into a minute description of the men and their work, and his book will prove of great value in literary and theological annals, as a vivid portrayal of a momentous period in English university life: the man-of-letters will enjoy it no less than the ecclesiastic. A bird's-eye view of the later life of the Oxford group, after leaving their cloisters for wider work in the world, is also given, concluding a volume of rare attraction for the student of the human mind and the currents of modern thought. (\$3.50. Macmillan & Co.)

STUDENTS of the Old Testament (which, under the life-giving touch of modern research, is becoming a New Testament to many) must be delighted to find the Rev. Chas. H. H. Wright's 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' included in the series called the Theological Educator. Taken as a whole, we know of no kind of book better suited to one's needs who, privately or in the school, begins to-day the study of theology. Certainly these works, while digesting the whole literature of the past, furnish the life-blood of thought which one can transmute comfortably and surely into his own mind. The poise and mastery of the author are remarkable. In hearty sympathy with all critical scholarship, he is yet slow to pronounce dogmatic opinions. His main purpose is to show the student how to build solid foundations for his own judgments. In Part I. he discusses the printed and manuscript texts, versions and introductions, exploring the whole region with a master's eye and hand. In Part II. he treats of the collections of canonical books, and of the books in detail. His thirty-five pages on the history of the criticism of Pentateuch and the literature both of the subject and of the collection itself is probably the best of such presentations yet made. In writing of the other books of the Hebrew and Aramaic Scriptures, the author follows the order of the English Bible; though needlessly, as we think. It will be very helpful to the unlearned or popular mind, educated for centuries in the idea of verbal inspiration and the infallibility of 'the accepted' or 'authorized' version, to have the arrangement of the Hebrew Bible followed. In such a case, 'Esther' would not rank with 'Samuel' in historic or inspirational value; nor would 'Lamentations,' in violation of sense and evidence, be ascribed to Jeremiah. However, we are content and grateful to the Dublin Professor for this clear and masterly exposition of his theme, and for a key to the treasures of modern and ancient literature which the Book of books has called into life. (75 cts. Thos. Whittaker.)

PROFESSOR JOHN DE WITT, in his translation of the Psalms, fitly crowns the scholarly labors of a life-time devoted to exploring the riches of Hebrew literature. Since 1863 he has taught at the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J.; he was, moreover, a member of the Old Testament Company of Bible Revisers. His book makes a sumptuous octavo, in which large print, fair mar-

gins and thick paper properly enshrine his scholarly notes, garnishings and meditations. In an introductory essay the contents and nature of the treasury of Hebrew prayer and praise are set forth. It is of their human, rather than their dogmatic, doctrinal or critical interest, that the translator treats. As a rule he eschews critical questions as to date or origin, avoiding purposely, it seems, the kind of work which his friends Cheyne, Thayer, Briggs and others, are doing, and in which he is nobly assisting them in his own way. The notes which precede and follow each Psalm are rich and illuminating, while the translation is of a high order of merit. Long study and an inborn poetic feeling have enabled the scholar to see and to reproduce the manifold beauties of structure and style in the original, as well as to appropriate their spiritual riches. The work is thus a happy combination of scholarship and devout appreciation: the worshipper is not lost in the analyst and critic. As a product of conservative study, we should class it with the best in the language. Especially felicitous are the titles which Dr. De Witt gives to each poem. In many a case we find in the suggestive title a miniature of the whole psalm. 'If we must have chapter-headings restored to the editions of the Bible for the people, may this translator be chairman of the committee to furnish them. (\$2. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

PROF. JAMES M. HOPPIN'S Sermons upon Faith, Hope and Love are characterized by felicitous phrase, manly commonsense, the deep spiritual insight that comes by experience, and that rare atmosphere of culture which the man familiar at once with books and men lives in and seems to create. The sermons are practical, and without a trace of swelling words of vanity or mere sensationalism. In one upon 'Love to an Unseen Saviour,' we have the words of a preacher who understands the mystic and sympathizes with them, while yet preferring to be actively in the world though not of it. To the nine sermons—an unusually modest number—are added 'Horæ Homileticæ,' which fill about half the book. These consist of well-digested answers to students and preachers who make inquiry concerning various phases of the art of the pulpit-orator or work of the teacher of religion. These pages are well worth the time which those who are ambitious to excel in the rare and difficult art of successful sermonizing may give them. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)—'THE NEW REFORMATION' is a lay sermon, by Prognostic, dedicated to unhappy and oppressed humanity everywhere. It treats of the great questions of social reconstruction and reformation from the point of view of Christian socialism. God and humanity, Huxley, Harrison, Bellamy, Henry George, the Farmers' Alliance and other leaders and movements are discussed with more or less coherency. Except for the abundance of criticism it contains and the exhortation to everyone to do what he can for suffering humanity, the pamphlet does not promise to aid greatly in the solution of the social problem of the age. (New York: Prognostic.)

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST Theological Seminary was organized at Greenville, S. C., in 1859, but refounded at Louisville, Ky., and having passed its thirtieth year, a memorial volume is now issued, under the editorship of Rev. John R. Sampey, D.D. It presents a short history of the Seminary, biographical sketches of the professors, a list of trustees, and an alphabetical list of all the students and alumni (1859-89) with biographical notes and sketches of their work. The historical chapter is by the President, a scholar of national reputation, the Rev. John A. Broadus.—A GRADUATE of this Seminary, the Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., editor of the *Baltimore Baptist*, and an orator of considerable local reputation, sends forth a handy volume containing a biographical sketch of himself with some of his talks, sermons and writings. The book is entitled 'Pulpit, Pew and Platform.' There are in it fifteen addresses marked by evangelical fervor and full of point, under the heading 'Short and Crisp'; also ten sermons; and two lectures, one being on a trip to Europe. Plain, forcible and well suited to the auditors whom the preacher attracts are these several discourses. The book has a portrait and two or three illustrations. (Baltimore: Wharton, Barron & Co.)

NO NATIONAL LITERATURE is complete without a collection of those coins of speech made by 'the wisdom of many and the wit of one.' In the Book of Proverbs we have the everyday language of the Hebrew people—inspiration expressing itself through the common folk, as well as through kings, priests, prophets and august personages of all sorts. To study the construction and origin of this Book, which, like the Pentateuch and Book of Psalms, is fivefold in form, one must read Cheyne on Job and Solomon. To enjoy the treasures of Hebrew gnomic wisdom as exploited by the homilist, one must get the twenty-first volume in the series entitled the Expositor's Bible. The Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., late Fellow

of New College, Oxford, is the competent scholar and preacher to whom this volume has been fitly assigned. In thirty-one chapters he classifies and expounds, ably and clearly, all the proverbs and passages, which he groups under the various categories of wisdom, education, wealth, goodness, sin, idleness, wine, etc. There are indexes of texts and topics. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—IN THE SMALLER Cambridge Bible for Schools, a series of neat volumes measuring six by four inches in size, including somewhat over one hundred pages, and well-equipped with maps, introduction, reference matter and index, we have a volume on I. Kings by the Rev. Prof. J. Rawson Lumby. The author is, as usual, clear and conservative, a thorough master of his subject and of the art of brief, luminous and suggestive commentary. In summarizing the evidences concerning the authorship of the original work, Dr. Lumby concludes that the uniformity of the framework of the book proves that it was put into its present shape by the same hands. This series is an excellent one for the study of the Bible in schools. (London: C. J. Clay & Sons.)

#### Magazine Notes

MR. CURTIS introduces his tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the July *Harper's*, with an array of names, from great to respectable, belonging to men who were the Autocrat's early comrades or immediate predecessors, and ends by claiming for him the rank and title of a 'patriarch of our literature.' He does not mention all the Doctor's works, for the pleasure, doubtless, of dwelling the longer on his favorites. These, it is evident, are the 'Metrical Essays' and the lines to Clémence in his poems, and the Breakfast-Table and the Tea-Cup series among the prose; yet his best appreciation of Dr. Holmes's style is given apropos of 'Elsie Venner' and 'The Guardian Angel.' The 'colloquial habit,' the 'personal touch of the essayist,' so obvious in the stories, is the gift which, governed by a natural taste and refinement, makes the author personally beloved by his readers. His manner is compounded of it and of the scientist's precision of observation and of statement. Closson's engraved portrait, prefixed as frontispiece to the number, if it shows the Holmes of to-day, shows him not less buoyant and boyish of aspect than he was ten years ago. 'From Evesham to Tewksbury,' on the Warwickshire Avon, Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch is still sauntering in company with Mr. Alfred Parsons, who stops to sketch every weir and willow on the way; Mr. Walter Besant is pilgrimaging down the stream of London's history; and Mr. Theodore Child is roaming loose around the Republic of Paraguay. Part Second of 'Peter Ibbetson'—of which Mr. Du Maurier is author and illustrator at once—introduces to us a delightful cockney architect with a passion for spouting Shelley. Mr. Howells begins his new novel, 'An Imperative Duty'; and Mr. Thomas Janvier supplies a brilliant short story, 'The Marques de Valdeflores.' In 'Briticisms and Americanisms,' Mr. Brander Matthews finds both the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race as heavily laden as a cherry-tree in a 'good year' with laughable peculiarities. 'Christianity and Socialism' engage the attention of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of *The Christian Advocate*; and 'Some American Riders' are considered in a third paper by Col. Theodore A. Dodge, with illustrations by Frederick Remington. The Easy Chair, the Drawer and the Study are filled, as usual, by Messrs. Curtis, Warner and Howells.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith is nothing if not versatile. Artist, author, 'promoter,' contractor, after-dinner speaker, dialect story-teller—these are but a few of the counts in the indictment of all-roundness that may fairly be brought against him. He may be many more things than these: but all these he is known to be, and in each capacity he excels. His versatility shows itself not only in the choice of so many channels for his professional and social activity, but in the wide variety of subjects he chooses to work upon. His chronicles of the Tile Club, 'Snubbin' through Jersey,' 'Old Lines,' 'Well-worn Roads,' 'A White Umbrella in Mexico,' various short stories, and the delicious 'Col. Carter of Cartersville' reveal a pen which, while it leaves some things untouched, may at least be said to touch nothing it does not adorn. In 'A Day at Laguerre's,' the opening article in the July *Century*, he lays a gentle hand upon the Bronx—that little stream in rustic Westchester long since 'adorned' by the poet Drake, and humorously noted still farther back for the censure bestowed upon a British commander by the home authorities for not moving a fleet up the 'river' and sowing the site of New York City with salt. Laguerre's—the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements—is known of old to the artistic guild, and Mr. Smith's exposition of its charms is but another illustration of the fact that the eye of the artist need not always turn from American soil to find the elements of picturesque beauty, and material for studies of *genre*. Another contributor to *The Century* this month shows how little

of pictorial value the eye of the social student and statistician may see even in that paradise of artists and Mecca of art-students, Paris. Dr. Albert Shaw finds in the French capital 'the typical modern city,' the leader easily first in the work of transforming tortuous alleys into broad streets and providing for citizens those appointments and conveniences which surround even people of narrow means to-day with physical comforts unknown in the middle ages to the rich and great. Seekers after municipal regeneration and reform in America cannot afford to leave unread any one of the series of papers in which Dr. Shaw is holding up for inspection the achievements of the municipalities of the old world. It will interest those who have read Mr. Schurz's appreciation of Lincoln in the June *Atlantic*—and those who haven't, too—to see what Greeley thought of the most-discussed American since 1799. In the posthumous address of which Mr. Joel Benton has deciphered the MS., the eminent editor expresses a doubt that any human being ever detected in Lincoln's bearing toward him or her 'any assumption of superiority or betrayal of disdain.' The testimony of Fred. Douglass confirms this opinion: Lincoln, he is reported to have said, was the only prominent man with whom he has been brought in contact whose manner allowed him to forget that he was not of the same race and color as his interlocutor. The photograph engraved by Kruell as the frontispiece of the number is an excellent portrait of the most influential editor this country has ever known. We have left ourselves no room to speak of the other features of the number—'Across the Planes in the Donner Party (1846),' by Virginia Reed Murphy, 'Jo' Pennell's 'Provençal Bull-Fights,' Major Baird's 'Gen. Miles's Indian Campaigns,' the 'Old Masters' of Thomas Cole, John LaFarge's Letters from Japan, the poems of C. P. Cranch, Margaret Crosby, Henry Tyrrell, Ernest Rhys and H. A. Blood, and the long stories or short of Mr. Stockton, Dr. Eggleston, Walter Learned, Viola Roseboro' and Ervin Wardman.

The many stories that have been current about the philanthropic intentions of the Baron de Hirsch will be set at rest by his article in the July *North American Review*, in which he states his intention of settling the expatriated Russian Jews in widely scattered communities in the Argentine Republic, Canada and Australia, and gives reasons for his belief that they will succeed as agriculturists. The Farmers' Alliance movement is discussed by the President of the Alliance, who thinks farmers have as much right as manufacturers to special legislation for their benefit; and by Mr. Erastus Wiman, who gives facts and figures to prove that the time is fast approaching when the natural course of events will make the farmer the most prosperous of men. Prof. Edward A. Freeman describes the relation of English colleges to the universities as similar to that of the States to the Union in our political system, and tells how both arose, and how tutors and professors might have their special fields of labor and help one another, but do not. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr puts a strain on the relations of literature to society in making them the subject of an essay which shows, if anything, that such relations can hardly be said to exist. Miss Emily Faithfull writes of 'Domestic Service in England,' Prof. Richard T. Ely of 'The Inheritance of Property,' Chevalier Herrmann of 'The Art of Magic' and the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton of 'A New Variety of Mugwump'—the man who leaves his party, not because he is too good for it, but because it is too good for him.

The frontispiece of *Scribner's* for July is highly appropriate to the midsummer, bathing season. Illustrating Herbert's translation of Horace, Book III., Ode XVIII.—'To Faunus'—it gives a refreshing glimpse of the ocean; and between the picture and the poem comes a paper on 'Speed in Ocean Steamers'—a subject that never entered the minds of the faun and nymph in Mr. Weguelin's drawing. The writer, Mr. A. E. Seaton, shows how the best time of Atlantic transit has been decreased from the 18 days, 11 hours and 15 minutes of 1836, to the 5 D., 19 H., 5 M., of 1891, with illustrations of some of the recent record-breakers. Even since his article was prepared, the Majestic (June 3-10) has made better time than was ever made on a western trip of the same length before, and the Fürst Bismarck has made the quickest passage going east. 'It is not desirable to believe,' Mr. Seaton thinks, 'that there is now finality in the speed of steamships, although by analogy with railway trains that conclusion might be arrived at.' The chief engineer of one of the great English railroads, we understand, takes a much more encouraging view of the situation. In his opinion, when passenger-steamships, not designed for carrying freight, are built, the present record will become as obsolete as an almanac of '58. On several pages of Mr. John H. Wigmore's 'Starting a Parliament in Japan' one can scarcely see the text for the pictures; yet, interesting as is the article, this is not to be regretted, so entertaining are the black-and-whites illustrating election times, with a Japanese policeman in spectacles, a movable tower used in festivals, the score of the song 'Kimi Ga Yo,' a grotesque chrysanthe-



mum figure, and other designs equally apposite. One who did not know it already here learns that the Japanese never cheer. If Mr. Jacob Riis be a lover of the picturesque, his heart must have sunk within him when he exchanged his old home, Ribe, Denmark, for the city of New York. 'How the Other Half Lives' in the slums of this metropolis he has already told the readers of *Scribner's*: how his ancestors and contemporaries lived in the village of the ever-threatening North Sea he records no less graphically in this number. Mr. Riis is still a young man, but his ancient birthplace has been metamorphosed since his childhood by the spirit by the nineteenth century. Mr. W. B. Shubrick Clymer summons up 'Lander Once More' in order to contend that 'It is desirable, not that every one should be cultivated to the point of being able to comply with the requisitions he makes, but that the discriminating few should, even though accused of snobbishness and of disingenuousness, continue to believe that the voice of the undiscerning many does not in his case utter the final word.' 'His best is unmatched in its kind.' That Col. John Hay has not forgotten the art of the poet in his labors as an historian appears in 'Two on the Terrace' (scene, Washington; time, night; conditions, silence and moonlight). But when 'ruin' is to rhyme with 'wooing' and 'undoing,' the final *g* in those words should be dropped as a hint of what is comin'. Col. Hay sins in good English company, however, in making this false rhyme. Mrs. Annie Fields strikes a good lyrical note in her song 'Corban.' Mr. C. F. Holder writes of 'The Haunts of the Black Sea-Bass' and Mr. Paul van Dyke of 'Izard Hunting in the Spanish Pyrenees'; while the fictionists of the month are Messrs. George A. Hibbard, George L. Catlin, John Elliott Curran, and Miss Edith Wharton.

When one compares Vol. III. of *Garden and Forest* with any of the older botanical magazines, one knows not which most to admire in the modern publication, its varied and well-written text or its beautiful illustrations. The latter appeal more directly to the eye: and such half-tone prints as those of the tupelo-trees by a Massachusetts pond in winter, the chrysanthemum Ada Spaulding, the 'Sacred Olive Tree of Blidah,' the 'Roman Baths' at Nîmes, the Algerian cork-tree, the New Hampshire sugar-maple, the 'Syringa Pekinensis,' and the African aloe, easily console us for the absence of the gaudily colored plates of its predecessors. Several of the prints named are as remarkable for artistic choice of subject and point of view as for the really excellent way in which they have been printed. Nor is there any lack of good botanical drawings of interesting new species. Gardening, forestry, notes of travel, reviews of new books and notices of flower subjects at the picture exhibitions are only a few of the matters treated in the text—taken at random. The page, though large, is a pleasant one to read, and in its strong cloth binding the volume should last forever.

### The Lounger

I DON'T KNOW whether the idea of purchasing the Colosseum and bringing it to America for exhibition at the World's Fair has been abandoned or not. I hope it hasn't: tens of thousands of people in the less cultivated portions of the West would be glad to see what a colosseum is like. They have heard of something of that name, and doubtless are curious to know whether it is a statue or a book. An excellent educational purpose would be served if the thing itself were erected 'in their midst'—or at least within easy reach of their homes. It would be an object-lesson of real value. A friend suggests that with the Colosseum should come a part of the Appian Way. This also is a good suggestion. But why be content with half measures? Why not buy the Tiber, too, and cause it to course between artificial banks somewhere near Jackson Park? This is my own suggestion, and I set great store by it. 'Buy the Tiber,' by all means!

AT TWENTY-FIVE Rudyard Kipling awoke and found himself famous as a writer of prose. He is a writer of verse as well as of prose, but it was his prose that made him famous. Does anyone know of another instance of a prose-writer achieving fame at twenty-five?

I FIND THIS paragraph in a country paper, and should not be surprised to see many like it in other journals:—

Following close upon the marriage of Miss Goodale to a Sioux Indian comes the announcement that Mrs. Chaska, who as Miss Fellows married Sam Chaska, a Dakota Indian, is about to sue for a divorce. Nothing else could be expected from the unhealthy and morbid sentimentality which mates these cross-breed unions. One honest young American workman is worth a whole wilderness of freaks or Indians or impecunious members of the foreign nobility.

This is a powerful piece of reasoning, and if logic and love had anything in common, any maiden who contemplated 'mating' a

'cross-breed union' would abandon her purpose on reading it. Because 'Mrs. Chaska' is suing for a divorce from 'Sam Chaska,' Miss Goodale is guilty of 'unhealthy and morbid sentimentality' in marrying Dr. Eastman. Because Socrates found himself mated with a shrew, Browning should have died single! Because Lord Byron made his wife unhappy, Lady Tennyson should never have married a poet!

THE DAILY journalist is confined to New York in the dog-days with an inexorability that lends melancholy interest to his accustomed editorial on 'New York as a Summer Resort.' It was a wise step, therefore, to mitigate his lot by turning the roof of the Fellowship Club into a dining room, where the jaded seeker after news or new ideas may breakfast, lunch or dine *al fresco*. It is such steps as this that tend to make New York the attractive resort in hot weather which the newspapers have long been assuring us it already is.

IT WAS LONG since discovered that there is more in a name than Juliet suspected. The name of 'Mother, Home and Heaven,' for instance, has proved to be one to conjure with. At least four books, of little or no intrinsic worth, have borne it within the past nineteen years, and one of them, I understand, has had a prodigious sale. The Methodist Book Concern, says *The Publishers' Weekly*, led off in 1872 with a collection of poems edited by Mrs. John P. Newman, and christened simply 'Mother, Home and Heaven.' In 1878 another firm issued 'Golden Thoughts of Mother, Home and Heaven.' In 1884 still another put forth a 'Treasury of Thoughts of Mother, Home and Heaven.' And now a fourth house, having bought the plates of the original 'M., H. and H.' is bringing out a new edition entitled 'Golden Links in the Chain that Connects Mother, Home and Heaven.' This is the stick that beat the dog that killed the cat that ate the rat!

The *Pall Mall* entertained its readers a few weeks ago with this veracious record of the day's doings at 328 Mickle Street, Camden, on May 30:—

A Camden (N. J.) telegram to Dalziel says:—Walt Whitman, the poet, celebrated his seventy-second birthday on Sunday in a quiet but happy way. The weather was delightful, and Mr. Whitman sat in a little summer-house receiving callers nearly all day. The arbor was filled with flowers before dusk. The 'good grey poet,' though not able to get about very briskly, is in good health and spirits. The old gentleman entertained his guests with selections from his own works. From time to time, as groups gathered, he would open a volume, and, eying his audience critically, select a passage which he believed would please them. Letters of congratulation were received from Lord Tennyson, Mr. Stedman, and many others.

I HAVE CALLED this 'veracious,' but must qualify the term. For, as a matter of fact, Whitman did *not* sit in an arbor surrounded by flowers, nor did he read any 'selections from his own works,' or 'receive callers' during the day. The guests assembled in his two 'downstairs' rooms at six o'clock in the evening; then Whitman came down from his bedroom, assisted by his nurse, and immediately the dinner began. Otherwise, however, the paragraph is correct! A report of this birthday dinner, embodying the greater part of the conversation as taken down by a stenographer, and giving the text of most of the letters that were read, will be published in the August number of *Lippincott's*.

SPEAKING of the poem, 'The Midnight Visitor,' recently credited to Walt Whitman in the *Tribune*, a correspondent of that paper says:—

Eleven years ago, Walt Whitman read these verses to me at my own fireside, where the old poet is ever a welcome guest. I am not likely ever to forget how my dear old friend, who still enjoys a good dinner and the camaraderie of his friends, recited these sad and pathetic lines by a blazing fire of hickory wood. But he never claimed to have written them himself. On the contrary, he always assured me that the poem was a translation from the French of Henri Murger. And I have before me now, in the fair round handwriting of Walt Whitman, the six verses of the poem, with these words at the bottom, 'Translated from the French of Henri Murger.' I am thus particular because Walt Whitman never claims any literary honor not his own.

Suspecting the authenticity of the poem, I had already written a letter of inquiry on the subject, when I came upon this note in the *Tribune*. It is satisfactory as to the main point, but it leaves one in doubt as to whether Whitman himself translated the verses. I should say he had not, for the simple reason that the lines rhyme. In the only poem of Whitman's in which he has been guilty of an attempt to rhyme, the failure is lamentable. The failure to rhyme, I mean, for the poem itself—'O Captain! my Captain!—is one of

his best and most admired. Mr. Horace L. Traubel informs me that the version of 'The Midnight Visitor' is one in which several hands, including Mr. Whitman's, have had a share.

'IN THE May number of *The New Review*,' writes W. B. Shurbrick Clymer, 'Mr. Andrew Lang says:—"Perhaps the only kind of criticism worth reading or writing is that which narrates the adventures of an ingenious and educated mind in contact with masterpieces." In an essay—perhaps the one on M. Jules Lemaitre—published not great while ago, by M. Anatole France, occur these words:—"Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs d'œuvre." The old adage might be slightly altered to read:—"Les beaux esprits se suivent."

The Author of London tells us that 'An American gentleman is making application to various authors for the manuscript originals of their work.' Mr. Besant, editor of the paper named and general adviser to the knights of the pen, warns his fellow-craftsmen to beware of this far-seeing Yankee. What is worth anything to him is worth more to them or their heirs, and even if it has not a market price it has a sentimental value. 'Let us keep our MSS., brethren, and lock them up,' exclaims Mr. Besant. This is excellent advice for a man of a few books to follow, but fancy the condition of the relic room of Mrs. Southworth's or Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's heirs, if all their manuscripts were religiously preserved!

MR. BESANT, still in his capacity of paternal counsellor, strongly urges authors to put their affairs with publishers in the hands of agents:—

The literary agent who takes up the conduct of an author's affairs is, or should be, a business man as much as the publisher. Therefore, when he arranges an agreement, it is one business man making a business agreement with another, both being entirely acquainted with the nature of the transaction in all its details. Such a man is invaluable. To find a good literary agent, and to place all affairs in his hands, is a great step towards independence.

'So far as my experience with authors goes, I have found the most of them quite as good business men as the average publisher. English authors may be less business-like, though I doubt it; but our American writers can take excellent care of themselves. Better than to employ any agent would it be for an author to know something about the publishing business:—then he would understand that bookmaking is an expensive thing, and that publishers' profits are not so large, compared with the risks they take, as those of most business men.

THE BOSTON *Transcript* is no less amused than I was, at Mr. Howells's ascription of a Scandinavian origin to Mrs. Danske Dandridge, the poet, whose second volume of verses, 'Rose Brake,' bears the name of her West Virginian home. Yet a mistake quite as amusing as Mr. Howells's is made by his critic in ascribing 'her odd and sweet little Christian name' to a 'reminiscence of a Norwegian journey taken by her parents just before her birth.' Mrs. Dandridge was christened 'Danske,' as I have already pointed out, from the fact of her birth having occurred in Denmark, where her father, Mr. Bedinger, was resident as American Minister.

### For W. H. 1778-1830

BETWEEN the wet trees and the sorry steeple  
Keep, Time, in dark Soho what once was Hazlitt,  
Seeker of Truth, and finder oft of Beauty;

Beauty's a sinking light, ah! none too faithful,  
But Truth, who leaves so here her spent outrider,  
Forgets not her great pawn: herself shall claim it.

Therefore sleep safe, thou dear and battling spirit!  
Safe also on our earth, begetting ever  
Some one love worth the ages and the nations.

Nothing falls under to thine eyes eternal.  
Sleep safe in dark Soho: the stars are shining;  
Titian and Wordsworth live; the People marches.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

SUBSCRIPTIONS received by Mr. William R. Stewart, Treasurer, 54 William Street, June 22-27, inclusive, were as follows:—

\$100 each:—H. H. R., Mrs. Elizabeth W. Aldrich.

\$50 each:—Thomas H. O'Connor, Francis H. Weeks, John Sinclair.

\$25 each:—W. H. Tillinghast, Edward Wood, Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, Mrs. L. A. Griswold, Miss Elizabeth W. Notman, John Notman, 'A Friend.'

\$10 each:—S. S. Packard, R. S. Minturn, N. J. Schloss & Co. (additional).

\$5 each:—Percy Wisner, F. A. O. Schwartz.

\$4.30:—Cash-box returns.

Total to June 27, \$105,613.77; still needed, \$10,386.23.

### Boston Letter

THE WORDS 'distinguished,' 'noted,' 'famous' have been tossing their proud syllables into every paragraph of the Boston papers this past week. It could not be otherwise, for Harvard's Commencement was at hand, and from far and near came her famous, noted and distinguished sons. The class of 1855 sat down to dinner with Prof. Alexander Agassiz, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Franklin B. Sanborn, Col. Henry L. Higginson and Prof. James K. Hosmer present, while other classes found equally able representatives of honor at their reunions. The class of 1841, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation, listened to a poem by Col. Thomas W. Higginson, one of its members. On the day before, Col. Higginson had been elected first speaker for 1892 of the Divinity School; on the day after, he was re-elected President of the Phi Beta Kappa. Harvard, as well as many other organizations, corporate and incorporate, has long recognized that Col. Higginson is indispensable on great occasions.

James Russell Lowell paid his compliments to the Dental School Association in a letter of regrets, in which he wrote:—'My health will not permit me to accept the invitation with which you have honored me. Our teeth give us a good deal of trouble; first, in getting them, next in getting something to put between them, and then in keeping them in such repair that what we put between them may profit us. In the first and last of these contingencies we owe much to dental science, and I am sorry I cannot in person discharge at least a part of my own debt.' Mr. Lowell might have added the fourth trouble, the greatest of all—the getting rid of them by pulling.

At the Alumni dinner came the presentation to the College, by Dr. William Everett, of the statue of his father, Edward Everett. The statue was made by Hiram Powers, the life-long friend of Edward Everett, esteemed by the latter—so said Dr. Everett—as the equal of any sculptor of his time. The elder Everett's earliest connection with the College was told with pathetic vividness when Dr. Everett described the lonely, cold walks of the lad of ten, compelled to travel the road from Boston to Cambridge and back in order to secure temporary possession of the single Greek grammar the family could afford—a grammar which the older brother was also using in the halls of Harvard. From that time Everett's connection with Harvard, as student, teacher, President and Overseer, continued until his death. President Eliot alluded to Everett in his speech, and also bestowed a compliment, which the literary world will appreciate, upon the mother of the latest Assistant Professor at Harvard, Roland Thaxter—'son of a poetess dear to us all.'

With all the prominent leaders of American thought present at Commencement it was interesting to note, among the members of the graduating class, the youth who bear names of renown, though they have yet to show whether they are to add to their lustre or not. There were Charles Russell Lowell Putnam, grandson of James Russell Lowell; and Kenneth McKenzie, son of the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie; James A. Lowell, son of Judge Lowell; and Robert W. Atkinson, son of Edward Atkinson, the statistician and economist; Robert B. Hale, the youngest son of Edward Everett Hale, and John M. Howells, the son of W. D. Howells; Angelo Hall, son of Prof. Hall of the United States Observatory at Washington, and Benjamin A. Gould, Jr., son of Prof. Gould the astronomer.

The ink is scarcely dry on the pages of James Jeffrey Roche's 'Life of John Boyle O'Reilly,' and his introduction to 'A Poet's Last Songs' has but recently reached the eyes of the public, yet his busy pen has kept so swiftly at work that the closing chapter of another book is already in the hands of the publishers. The ex-President of the Papyrus Club, who reached his forty-fourth birthday one month ago, was determined that another milestone should not pass by without his paying his long-desired tribute to his earliest literary love. From boyhood he has cherished a great admiration for that 'gray-eyed man of destiny,' William Walker, and though later years have led him to see some of the cruelty underlying the freebooter's schemes, he yet finds enough of the martial in Walker's personality to make of him an interesting hero. Before long Mr. Roche's 'Filibusters of the Spanish Main' will appear here and in England, and the author's talents as an historical



novel-writer may then be compared with his acknowledged ability in versification. Some of the local coloring in this tale of the adventures of the fifties will undoubtedly be the result of long talks with one of Uncle Sam's defenders, the brother of Mr. Roche. He had 'sailed the wide world over,' had played cards with the King of the Sandwich Islands, had seen nearly every ruler on land and water, except the Flying Dutchman, and was furthermore a sailor who could spin an interesting yarn. In the great disaster at Samoa this brother lost his life. Mr. Roche's new novel, I understand, was begun some years ago—possibly before his 'Songs and Satires' called attention to his merit. Mr. Roche comes naturally by his literary talent, his father, a mathematician of note, having long held the office of Provincial Librarian in Prince Edward's Island. The father was himself the teacher of the son before the latter entered St. Dunstan's College.

Probably not one Bostonian in a thousand has recognized a former actress of this city in the player who aroused so much attention in London by her acting in Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler' and who is soon to create the leading rôle in Henry James's play, 'The American.' In England Miss Elizabeth Robins is always spoken of simply as 'an American,' and the American papers have all quoted the term without seeking farther into her earlier home. As a fact, there was a sad incident in her life's history, and yet, so strange are the ways of fate, that but for that affliction Miss Robins might still be playing minor rôles in the Boston museum stock-company, unapplauded and almost unknown. She was there for two years, playing all manner of insignificant parts and known to a few playgoers simply because her husband, George R. Parks, was cast in more prominent rôles and was recognized as one of the capable members of the company. One day, however, after he had left the Museum troupe, he suddenly disappeared. Not a word was breathed against his character, not a charge of wrong-doing was made. It was all a mystery until a few hints pointed out the way of a despondent, world-tired suicide. This was in Boston, several years ago. Then the widow, assuming her maiden name, found opportunities to join travelling companies, the offers coming chiefly out of benevolent friendship. For a time she was with Booth and Barrett. Needing rest she was taken to Norway, where her interest in Ibsen began; and on her way home she planned a few days' stay in England. Chance, Fate or Providence detained her there; she found opportunity to become under-study to a prominent actress, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; Mrs. Tree was taken ill; the under-study was thrust forward into a more important part than she had ever assumed, or dreamed of assuming, and a 'hit' was the result. Mrs. Genevieve Ward, who had become interested in the personality of the young American widow, continued the assistance she had already given; and Miss Robins, with true courage, joined with a country-woman, Miss Marion Lea of Philadelphia, in the experiment of hiring a theatre and producing 'Hedda Gabler.' And then the persevering, intelligent and undoubtedly clever young actress reached the upper rounds of the ladder. By birth Miss Robins is a Kentucky girl, so that New England and the South can both take pride in her conquering of Old England.

BOSTON, June 30, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### London Letter

A COMMEMORATION service in Westminster Abbey must ever be an imposing ceremonial, and that which was held on Friday last fitly expressed the sympathy of the Home Country for the loss which Canada has sustained in the death of Sir John Macdonald. Although many a brilliant spectacle tempted Londoners on every side—for the London season is in fast and furious swing at the present moment,—the crowds which early began to fill every niche and corner of the grim old Abbey would almost have led one to suppose that there was nothing else going on. Of course the hour was early. By half-past ten o'clock few people care to be astir, even if they are out of their beds; or, being awake and out of doors, they do not usually incline to go to church. They prefer 'doing' the Academy, or the Naval Exhibition, or the Horse Show, at such unreasonable hours. Wherefore it says something both for the high esteem in which the late Premier of Canada was held, and also for the knowledge of Canadian affairs among us, that so large a gathering was assembled at Friday's commemoration service. The service was beautifully rendered, especially Spohr's anthem, 'Blessed are the departed,' and Ellerton's hymn, 'Now the laborer's task is o'er,' while I think I never heard the Dead March in 'Saul' more thrillingly tolled forth than it was at the close, when the vast congregation, hushed to a most impressive silence, remained standing without a movement until the last notes had died away. Emerging thence into the blazing June sunshine one almost felt as if it were a sacrilege to talk and laugh again.

To those who are not dependent on omnibuses for being conveyed from place to place, London was never more delightful than during the past week. One gentleman, with obviously a great opinion of his own comfort, wrote indeed to the *Times* describing his satisfaction in having been able to take a 'comfortable walk' along some of the main thoroughfares without his ears being assailed by the din of endless omnibuses with their 'yelling conductors'; and I must own that if one could have dared to be so selfish, one could almost have wished that Fleet Street and Piccadilly might never more revert to their original conditions. Having a round to make on Wednesday afternoon, which would ordinarily have taken about four hours, with the same horse and brougham, I did it all in less than three, entirely owing to the freedom of movement entailed by the absence of omnibuses. To-day, however, the strike is practically at an end, and the men resume work, having gained their chief point, a twelve hours' working day. Masters and men alike seem to have behaved reasonably, and the general feeling is that the strike has been rather a good thing than otherwise, as ventilating a grievance with which the nation as a whole was in sympathy—shareholders in the companies, of course, excepted!

The Duke of Norfolk has been in the wars, and forwards the particulars for the benefit of all whom it may concern. The Duke is much exercised in his mind by the picture of 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation' now hanging in the galleries of Burlington House, and just purchased by the trustees of the Chantry bequest for the National Gallery. The Duke, as spokesman for the Catholic Union, protests that the painter of this picture (Philip Calderon, R. A.) has depicted a conception which is 'historically false, and founded on a complete misapprehension.' Further, that such a travesty of the 'sacred incident' supposed to be represented (the saint is painted as a nude figure kneeling before the altar with a group of Franciscans in the background) 'is peculiarly offensive to Catholics, as attributing a sinful act of gross immodesty to a canonized saint, deeply venerated for the singular purity of her life'—with more to the same purpose. Upon which grounds the Council of the Catholic Union entreat that the picture may not be added to the national collection. The President and Council of the Academy, however, whilst deprecating the idea of any disrespect or irreverence on the part of Mr. Calderon, decline to take any steps, 'even had they power to do so' to prevent the trustees of Sir Francis Chantrey from carrying out their project. This seems a pity. If the religious feelings of a large number of our fellow-countrymen are to be permanently wounded by the exhibition in a prominent place of a picture which is not, to tell the truth, a pleasing one to the eye of modesty, apart from any other sentiment, surely it would be better to yield the point. Sir F. Leighton and his Council may hint that they 'have not the power' to interfere, but we all know what that means.

It is a real consolation to those of us who worshipped before the shrine of Laurence Oliphant's bright, particular genius, to learn that if a certain article in last week's *Anti-Jacobin* is correct, the author of 'Piccadilly' and 'Altiora Peto' was not hoodwinked by a man who was a mere 'vulgar charlatan and nothing more.' Such, it must be confessed, is the popular idea with regard to Harris. But a writer in *The Anti-Jacobin* avers that anyone who is lucky enough to possess a copy of Mr. Alfred Austin's essays on 'The Poetry of the Period,' which originally appeared in *Temple Bar*, 'will find in one of the essays a good deal of curious information concerning the Thomas Lake Harris who figures so largely in the biography of Laurence Oliphant.' It is as a poet, rather than as a preacher, or orator, that Harris is here taken. Although he himself gave out that his volumes of verse—and there were several of them—were not his own, but were inspired when he was in trances, with more stuff of the kind, the strange thing is that Mr. Austin can prove by quotation that the verses themselves were fine and imaginative and again exquisitely tender and delicate. Space forbids reproduction; but I can assure my readers that such verses as are quoted in the article referred to are very beautiful; and if possible I shall endeavor to find out some more by the same author. Mr. Austin's article was, however, written over twenty years ago, and that is a long time in these days.

An exceedingly interesting and readable book is 'French Fiction of To-day,' by Mme. Van de Velde, just published by Messrs. Trischler & Co. In these two handsome volumes the leading French novelists are dealt with one by one, their personal lives depicted, and their works criticised and passed in review. Paul Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, Henri Lavedan, Georges Ohnet, Octave Feuillet, Alphonse Daudet—these are some of the well-known names which head the chapters; and the whole is very vividly written, forming easy and pleasant reading for all interested in current literature, and in the lives of those who contribute towards it.

'The Life of Archbishop Tait' is a dull book. It may be treason

to say so, but as a matter of fact, when Archbishops are the theme, and Deans write, and Canons assist, the result is seldom lively. Tait was a good man and a fairly clever one; but there is a general impression that but for the great sorrow of his life—in losing at one and the same time *six* children from scarlet fever—a sorrow which procured him the profound sympathy and consequent notice of his Sovereign, he would never have received the promotion which subsequently came to him. This may or may not be the truth, but most people believe it to be so.

'Crispus: A Drama,' by H. Guthrie Smith, is certainly very clever. The tragedy is founded on the well-known story of the Emperor Constantine who, deceived by false accusations, put to death his only son and the heir to his throne, only to find when too late that Crispus was stainless. Such a tale cannot be anything but gloomy, and there is an absence of relief throughout the pages which has a depressing effect,—but there are some really fine passages, and the whole—understood to be a first production—is full of promise. Messrs. Blackwood are the publishers, and their name is a host in itself.

A small but somewhat presumptuous little work is promised by Messrs. Ward & Downey very shortly. This is to be entitled 'Modern Authors,' and if the writer, an unknown gentleman from Australia, fulfils all he avouches his intention of aiming at, namely, to establish 'certain plastic principles of criticism to be applied in a general way to the literature of England, France, Germany, etc.,' he will be doing a great deal. But how these young cockerels crow! Already on the faith of assured success, the daring Australian proposes to follow up the above by other volumes 'amplifying still further his views.' Had he not better wait and see how we take the first instalment of 'views,' before he belabors us with a second?

Mr. Oscar Wilde has accepted the inevitable and retired gracefully into private life. The world is tired of his fooleries, and he has the sense and the wit to meet the world half-way. He now dines out as peacefully as any other man, without attempting to 'live up' either to his dinner or his company. If among people, however, by whom he is hardly yet taken *au sérieux*, the great Oscar can still dandle a lily, and yearn after a teapot. Only he is on the watch, the while, and knows to the fraction of a second when to leave off.

LONDON.

L. B. WALFORD.

## International Copyright

### THE PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION

ON WEDNESDAY of this week, July 1, President Harrison issued a proclamation granting copyright privileges in the United States to citizens and subjects of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Switzerland. So International Copyright is at last, and after all, an established fact.

[The New York Sun]

WASHINGTON, June 29.—President Harrison has been in frequent consultation with Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, recently, and will in a few days issue the proclamation prescribed by the International Copyright law of the last Congress, which will go into effect on Wednesday. In anticipation of the new law, the Governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Switzerland have signified to the United States Government, through the proper diplomatic channels, their readiness to avail themselves of the facilities offered by it to their citizens for copyright here, and to grant to American authors equal privileges with their own citizens.

'The addition to the work of the copyright office here,' said Librarian Spofford to-day, 'through the extension of the copyright system, will no doubt be considerable. It is not likely, however, to show a very large increase immediately, since some time will be required for new publishing arrangements and contracts to be entered into by foreign authors. It is not probable that the importation of foreign printed books now extant will be affected in any way. The importation from abroad of all books written and published after the law goes into effect, except such books as claim no copyright here, will be summarily cut off. In my opinion, books not claiming copyright here will still have the larger proportion of circulation among the masses of the people.'

'It is made the duty of the Librarian to furnish to the Secretary of the Treasury copies of the entries of titles of all books and other articles whereon copyright has been completed, and the Secretary is required to compile and print, at intervals of not more than a week, catalogues of such title entries for distribution to all collectors of customs and to the Postmasters of all offices receiving foreign mails. This will be an entirely new departure. A sharp lookout will have to be maintained along the Canadian and Mexi-

can borders, particularly the Canadian, to prevent the infraction of the law, since constant attempts will doubtless be made to import from Great Britain English books pirated abroad and shipped here for sale. One of the most important domestic provisions of the new law is that section securing to authors the exclusive right to translate or to dramatize their works.'

COUNT EMILE DE KERATRY has returned to America, bringing with him the French societies' gold medal for Senator Platt of Connecticut.

## Kipling Under an Alias

SINCE LAST WEEK'S *Critic* appeared, it has transpired that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been making a brief visit to this country. A fortnight ago a paragraph was running the circle of the daily papers which disposed of the young English romancer quite otherwise—placed him, in fact, in sunny Italy, with 'abscesses formed in his lungs,' and altogether in a dying condition. According to this painful despatch, which emanated from Beaver Pa., *via* Pittsburgh, the wretched consumptive had been removed from London to Italy about May 29. A paragraph in *The Lounger* of June 20 certified to Mr. Kipling's presence in London, in a presumably living condition, as late as June 1. And as a matter of fact he did not leave England till about a week thereafter. When he did leave, it was to come to New York, where an uncle, Mr. Henry J. Macdonald, a well-known journalist, was reported as dying. The story of his brief sojourn 'in our midst' was thus related in last Sunday's *World*:—

'When Mr. Macdonald fell ill, a cable message was sent to his brother, Rev. J. Macdonald, a Methodist clergyman in London. The clergyman sailed for America as quickly as he could and Kipling came with him. Mr. Macdonald died June 11. He was buried on June 13, the day that Kipling and his uncle reached New York. They were not in time to attend the funeral.

'The young man who became so speedily famous has shown a skill in escaping observation that is remarkable. When he and his companion landed in New York two weeks ago yesterday they went to the Brevoort House. When the clerks saw a serious-faced, spectacled young man of medium height register as J. W. McDonald, Birmingham, England, they didn't think much about it. They noticed that he wore dark clothing, which fitted as badly as only English clothes can fit, and a soft hat of uncertain color. After a while they became convinced that he was not a commonplace young man. They marvelled over an animation which they had never seen in an Englishman. They noticed that his elderly companion treated him with a certain distinction. Inside of two hours Kipling's identity was known.

'He was angry when he learned they had found him out and he gave instructions that his arrival should not become generally known. The newspapers learned about it and Kipling became indignant. Kipling and his uncle stayed at the hotel two days and were the quietest guests there. The greater part of the time they were in their rooms. They took their dinners in the dining-room. On Monday Mrs. McDonald dined with them. They entertained no other.

'When they left the hotel Kipling said he was going to a friend's house on Long Island. He refused to tell where. One of the hotel clerks says the town is so small that it isn't on the map. Kipling would not check his trunks at the hotel for fear some one would learn whither he was going. He sent them to Long Island City, where he checked them himself, taking care that the wagon driver did not learn the address. Kipling was never more successful in carrying out a story than he was in keeping his place of retirement hidden.

'The few people who were permitted to meet him kept the secret well. The author told them that he was not at all well and that he must have absolute rest. He came to America for the voyage and the rest he could have in the secluded spot on Long Island. He didn't want to learn anything new about America or to do anything. It seems impossible that so celebrated a young man could spend two weeks near New York and thoroughly seclude himself.

'Passage for Southampton was engaged for him on the *Aller*, and when the people who sailed upon her yesterday saw his name on the passenger list they could hardly believe it. There it was and in the same small type as the others. All the passengers knew Kipling was going to sail and they were as curious to see him as the friends who came to the pier to see them off.

'They recognized him at once. A gray, ill-fitting suit covered his muscular figure. The soft hat was drawn down upon his forehead. Two or three people accompanied him. Kipling bade them good-by in a few words, walked up the gang-plank with the



tread of a nervous athlete and disappeared, as if he wanted to escape observation.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

*Kate Field's Washington* is still winning expressions of sympathy and promises of support for the Art Congress proposed to be held at the National Capital in December. Miss Field's idea comprehends a national Commission of Art and Architecture; a loan exhibition of the best paintings by American artists from all parts of the country; and a reception by Mrs. Harrison at the White House. To carry out the latter part of her design, money will be needed, and the fund headed by her own contribution is growing from week to week. The abolition of the duty on imported works of art has no more zealous advocate than Miss Field; and the projected Congress and exhibition would go far toward bringing that much-needed reform to pass.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have on exhibition, for sale, twenty-five volumes containing a collection, unrivalled in variety and extent, of the works of Cruikshank. Mr. John B. Gough, the late temperance-lecturer, who was a warm personal friend of Cruikshank's, was the original owner of the collection, and received many plates included in it from the artist himself.

In the *July Magazine of Art* may be found, under the heading of Current Art, careful reviews of the National Academy and the New Gallery exhibitions, both finely illustrated. M. Bing's study of Hokusai is concluded with many curious cuts giving designs by the great Japanese draughtsman for combs and pipes, and diagrams to assist young artists in learning to draw. The Royal Holloway College Picture Gallery and its treasures form the subject of an interesting article by Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow. 'Constable's Country,' the strip on the borders of Essex and Suffolk favored by the great landscape-painter, is pleasantly described (with many sketches) by C. L. Burns. Some of the writer's drawings, compared with Constable's sketches of the same localities, show that, like Turner, Constable habitually exaggerated picturesque features. The frontispiece of the number is a photogravure of E. A. Waterlow's painting, 'The Night Before the Shearing.'

In *The Art Amateur* for July, Mr. Frank Fowler gives some valuable 'Hints to Art Students.'

The Home Arts and Industries Association, which has recently held its seventh annual exhibition in London, was originally suggested by Charles Godfrey Leland and was practically founded and established by him and Mrs. A. T. Jebb at the time when Mr. Leland was introducing industrial art in the public schools of Philadelphia. It has now, directly or indirectly, about 8000 pupils in Great Britain. It supplies teachers and models, and was the first source whence the People's Palace for the Poor and similar institutes in England drew their system of teaching the minor arts and industries. It has revived many village industries, and indirectly caused a great revival of minor art work in England.

A bronze statue of the late Archbishop Hughes, by Mr. W. R. O'Donovan, was unveiled in front of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., on Wednesday, June 24.

Nearly two hundred paintings and pieces of sculpture by American artists are on exhibition in Paris at the galleries of M. Durand-Ruel. The show was opened under the auspices of the American Minister, and is the first of its kind that has been seen in France. For that reason it attracts much notice, though the French are familiar enough with the work of American painters at the mixed exhibitions at the Salon and elsewhere. So far as the paintings are concerned, the collection is fairly representative, and will give a good impression of American art, which the critics (notably the *Temps*) are prompt to claim as something purely French. 'An American school of painting has existed for twenty years, and it is our work. Those of its artists who count for anything, with two or three exceptions, have studied under our masters; most of them still live in France for several months of the year, at least; they exhibit at our Salons; and they make French pictures—ultra-modern French pictures, it is true, of a sort that makes the masters who have taught them their trade dance with indignation.'

### Notes

THE GROLIER CLUB expects to publish Mr. Curtis's address on Washington Irving in the fall. It is the address which he delivered in this city last winter. It will, however, be revised and somewhat enlarged. The book is to be a handsome octavo, for which the paper is to be specially made, with a watermark of the Club's seal. One or two portraits will be specially engraved (on wood) for this edition, and there may be other illustrations.

—An index to the last volume of *The Critic* (Jan.-June, 1891) is issued with this week's paper.

—Negotiations have been completed between France and Brazil for the protection of the literary property of the authors of the two countries by their respective governments.

—Macmillan & Co., who publish Mr. Joseph Pennell's 'Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen,' will issue in July his book on the River Thames, 'The Stream of Pleasure.' About ninety illustrations by the author will be included; the work will also be issued in a limited large paper form. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Boston Pilot*, has written of 'The Filibusters of the Spanish Main' for Messrs. Macmillan's Adventure Series.

—'My Danish Sweetheart' is forthcoming in Harper's Franklin Square Library. The author is not the Tsar, nor the Prince of Wales, but Mr. Clark Russell.

—Messrs. Poultney Bigelow, Alfred Parsons and Frank D. Millet have left London for the sources of the Danube, with the purpose of travelling the entire length of the river from the Black Forest to the Black Sea in canoes. Says *The Sun*:—

The three canoes are identical, those of Parsons and Millet being modelled after Bigelow's 'Caribee,' in which that enthusiastic canoeist has already cruised all over North America, the West Indies, and half of Europe. Each canoe weighs only eighty pounds, yet spreads two sails, has a centre-board, water-tight bulkheads, and a drop rudder. They are fifteen feet long and thirty inches wide, and draw two inches of water. They were made in Williamsburgh. As the first hundred miles of the Danube are full of rapids, which the canoeists must shoot, they will send on their sails and all heavy travelling utensils to a point where the stream becomes better navigable at Ulm. The three men intend to sleep and cook aboard their canoes, which are furnished with tents that may be rigged when the weather is bad. Their object in making the trip is to produce an article for *Harper's Monthly*, for which Bigelow will supply the text, and Millet and Parsons the illustrations. They estimate that the trip will take three months, and Bigelow says that it will be the first time the river has been thoroughly done since the Crusaders went down from Ratisbon in search of the Turk, and that the Caribee is the first boat to fly the burgee of the New York Canoe Club on the Danube.

—Miss E. A. Thackray, writing in *The Epoch*, says that Dr. Holmes, after reading 'Dorothy Q.' and 'The Chambered Nautilus' before the young women of the Harvard Annex recently, asked one of them whether she ever wrote poetry, and received the reply, 'O no, sir, I never indulge!'

The aged poet smiled at the eager disclaimer, then thoughtfully shook his gray head and said:—'Perhaps it is best—perhaps it is best; real poetry is so hard to write; "many are called, but few are chosen!" Yet—if one wrote a thousand lines of doggerel and in it were found hidden two or three lines of real poetry, wouldn't "the game be worth the candle?"'

—Last Saturday's *Figaro* (Paris) contained the comments of a score of eminent French writers and scientists upon Tolstol's proposition that man resorts to alcohol and tobacco to deaden his conscience. 'For the most part,' cables H. F. to the *New York Times*, 'they laugh at him politely. M. Daudet says he smokes a great deal when he works and the more he smokes the better he works. M. Zola neither drinks nor smokes, but he pleads in Heaven's name that those who do and who suffer no harm be allowed to do so in peace. Dr. Charcot says Tolstol's position is exaggerated and false.'

—Mr. James R. Gilmore ('Edmund Kirk') withdrew in May last from the editorial management of the *National Cyclopædia of American Biography*, now in preparation by James T. White & Co.

—The fourth centenary of the birth of St. Ignatius Loyola will be celebrated in England by the publication, in the autumn, of Mr. Stewart Rose's life of the founder of the Jesuits in a large volume containing more than a hundred illustrations, prepared by Messrs. H. W. and H. C. Brewer and L. Wain. Fathers Eyre and Goldie have been deputed by the other English Jesuits to superintend the preparation of the work.

—*The Publishers' Weekly* is printing a series of articles on 'The Profession of Bookselling,' the object of which is to give plain directions to apprentices and clerks in the book trade as to the most practical methods of doing their work.

—The concluding sentences of a letter from Mr. Walter Besant to the *London Times*, written in reply to a letter from 'Ouida,' run thus:—

Not a good book comes up but all the younger writers read it eagerly to learn something from it; they know how to distinguish art from trade, and they cannot think of the latter until the first is attended to. Lastly, the public—your readers—steadily refuse to read anything that is not good. We are not, in fact, exactly arrived at the Kingdom of Heaven, but we are going along as well as can be expected, and if

Dickens and Thackeray are dead, we have still got men and women who, though not on their level, are able to please, amuse, and instruct the world in fiction as well as in all other branches of literature.

—President Merrill E. Gates, late of Rutgers, was formally installed last week as President of Amherst College. Dr. Gates is one of the college presidents who are primarily scholars and men-of-letters.

—The edition of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's 'Wills of George Washington and His Immediate Ancestors' is limited to 250 copies. Other matters are included in the book, which is published by the Historical Printing Club, Brooklyn. A similarly limited edition of Capt. Caleb Jones's 'Orderly-Book of the Maryland Loyalists Regiment,' edited by Paul L. Ford, is issued by the same Club.

—Brentano's have just issued 'The Bachelors' Club,' by I. Zangwill, editor of *Arctur*.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce, under the title 'Practical Morals,' the two manuscripts which recently divided the prize of \$1000 offered by the American Secular Union for the best work calculated to aid teachers in the matter of moral instruction on a scientific basis. They are 'The Laws of Daily Conduct,' by Nicholas P. Gilman, author of 'Profit Sharing'; and 'Character-Building: A Series of Talks between a Master and his Pupils,' by Edward P. Jackson, author of 'A Demigod.'

—At the opening of the Chalmers Memorial Church, at Anstruther, New Brunswick, on June 10, Mr. S. Williamson, M. P., read an unpublished letter from Carlyle to Dr. Hanna in June, 1852. Acknowledging the receipt of the fourth volume of Chalmers's memoirs, Carlyle wrote:—

It is not often that the world sees men like Thomas Chalmers, nor can the world afford to forget them, or in its most careless mood be willing to do it. Probably the time is coming when it will be more apparent than it now is to every one that here, intrinsically, was the chief Scottish man of his time—a man possessed of such a massive geniality of intellect and temper as belonged to no other man. What a grand simplicity, broad humor, bleat so kindly with enthusiastic ardor and blazing insight. A man of such mild, noble valor, strength, and piety—above all things, of such a perfect veracity,—I have not met with in these times.

—In Paris has just appeared 'Dieu,' a sequel to the 'Fin de Satan' of Victor Hugo. It is said that the editors of the poet's manuscripts, Vacquerie and Meurice, have only to add one more volume ('L'Océan') to those already published, and their task of editing the '3000 pages of manuscript' will be accomplished. Then they will commence grappling with Hugo's enormous correspondence, parts of which will be published.

—A gentleman in Portland has become the possessor of the desk on which John G. Whittier wrote his earliest poem. He received it from the poet himself. It is described as a very old piece of furniture, being an heirloom in the Whittier family, and having seen, possibly, 200 years of service.

—'Apropos of the notice of Schroeder's Logic in a late *Critic*, it may not be improper to relate a little story,' writes C. L. F. 'When the "Studies in Logic by Members of the Johns Hopkins University" was published, some years ago, with aid from the University, the President is reported to have said to its editor (Mr. Charles S. Peirce) after an interval:—"I see no notices of this book. It does not seem to awaken any attention." And Mr. Peirce is reported to have said:—"No, but you will presently see books written about it." After an interval of eight years, this prediction has now come true. Prof. Schroeder's book, while containing a great deal that is original, is explicitly an exposition of the logical doctrines of "Prof. Peirce and his School."

—While Mrs. Oliphant's "Memoir of Laurence Oliphant" continues to run through numerous editions, says *The Athenaeum*, 'a further illustration of the life and teaching of the Haifa mystic is about to be published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons. The author of the work, which has been thrown into the form of a novel, is Mr. Haskett Smith, a clergyman, who embraced Laurence Oliphant's views and became a member of the Haifa community, which is, we believe, now under his direction. The scenes are laid chiefly in Palestine, at Haifa, or in the mountain home of the community at the Druze village of Dalieh.'

—The original MS. of Bishop Heber's famous hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' was sold in London recently. A letter from Thackeray to a lady who had sent him an autograph of the Bishop's is printed in *The Athenaeum*. In it he says:—

He is one of the (literary) friends of my youth, when one likes people better than in later days. I used to read his book when it appeared first, and recall my native country. I was born, and my father and many of his brothers died in India: and please God that some of them, too, have left a name which is remembered affectionately there still.

—A batch of letters written by Thackeray to a Long Island girl are being edited, together with the lady's reminiscences of the author, by W. C. Hudson, himself a novelist of no mean reputation. Among the letters is a characteristic drawing by Thackeray, in colored ink.

—The *Idler of The Publishers' Circular* says that Mr. Hall Caine, author of 'The Deemster,' is suffering from 'extreme nervous exhaustion, the result of overwork.' A story which he agreed to write for Tillotson's Syndicate has been postponed for a year, and 'The Scapegoat,' undertaken for *The Illustrated London News*, is at a stand. He is recovering, however.

—A collection of autographs belonging to the late Dr. Raffles was sold in England on Wednesday. Among the many American 'lots' were a complete set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence (\$4250), and sets of the Presidents of the United States. A volume of letters by notabilities of Revolutionary date brought \$5200.

—On July 7 there will be disposed of at the Wellington Auction Rooms, London, the original MS. of the second, third, fourth and fifth volumes of 'Vivian Grey,' in the autograph of Lord Beaconsfield. It was found unexpectedly among Mrs. Austen's papers on her death in June, 1888, at the age of ninety-two years. Mrs. Austen, who superintended for Disraeli the publication of the work, was one of the first to recognize and encourage his genius.

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### ANSWERS

1618.—I have before me a poem by Mr. Howells, published in 1869 by Putnam & Son, the title-page of which reads:—"No Love Lost: A Romance of Travel." This is, no doubt, the work that H. H. B. M. asks about. Mine is the only copy of the book I have seen, and I have found no mention of it in lists of Mr. Howells's books.

OAKLAND, CAL.

J. A. M.

1619.—I should like to ask M. C. S. where he got his quatrain from. I have never seen it before, but it appears—as a guess—to refer to Lord John Russell, the 'statesman,' and to Sir John Dean Paul, the 'knave,' who was transported for forgery about 1854. The 'preacher,' Robert, may have been Robert Hall, the eloquent Baptist, though I think his day was much earlier. Peter, the 'slave,' is one too many for me at present.

NEW YORK.

ARGUS.

## Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Anstey, F. Tourmalin's Time Cheques. . . . .	Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co.
Bashkirtseff, M. Letters. Tr. by M. J. Serrano. \$1.50. . . . .	Cassell Pub. Co.
Beecher, H. W. Memorial Service. . . . .	Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Besant, J. St. Katherine's by the Tower. 60c. . . . .	Harper & Bros.
Boutmy, E. Studies in Constitutional Law. \$1.75. . . . .	Macmillan & Co.
Chambers's Encyclopædia. Vol VII. \$3. . . . .	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Deems, C. F. Gospel of Spiritual Insight. \$1.50. . . . .	W. B. Ketcham.
Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by S. Lee. Vol. XXVII. \$3.75. . . . .	Macmillan & Co.
Graetz, H. History of the Jews. Vol. I. . . . .	Phila.: Jewish Pub. Soc.
Inter-Denominational Sermons. Ed. by W. D. Bowdiah. \$1.25. . . . .	Hunt & Eaton.
Kennelly, A. E. Evolution of Electric and Magnetic Physics. 10c. . . . .	E. Scott.
Maartens, M. An Old Maid's Love. 50c. . . . .	D. Appleton & Co.
Maine School Report. 1890. . . . .	U. S. Book Co.
Mairet, J. An Artist. 50c. . . . .	Augusta, Me.
Maryland School Report. 1890. . . . .	Cassell Pub. Co.
Massachusetts School Report. 1890. . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Merchan, R. M. Un Poco de Todo. . . . .	Bogota, Colombia: La Luz.
New Hampshire School Report. 1890. . . . .	Concord, N. H.
Ohnet, G. A Debt of Hatred. 50c. . . . .	Columbus, O.
Payn, J. Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones. 50c. . . . .	Cassell Pub. Co.
Perkins, W. R., and Wick, B. L. History of the Amana Society. . . . .	U. S. Book Co.
Persecution of the Jews in Russia. . . . .	State Univ. of Iowa.
Pierson, A. T. Stumbling Stones Removed. 50c. . . . .	Phila.: Jewish Pub. Soc.
Pinto, M., Adventures of. Ed. by A. Vambéry. \$1.50. . . . .	Baker & Taylor Co.
Richebourg, E. Old Raclot's Million. 50c. . . . .	Macmillan & Co.
Riddell, J. H. My First Love and My Last Love. 50c. . . . .	Cassell Pub. Co.
Roberts, C. G. D. Appleton's Canadian Guide-Book. . . . .	U. S. Book Co.
Russell, W. C. My Danish Sweetheart. 60c. . . . .	D. Appleton & Co.
Sales, P. The Price of a Coronet. \$1. . . . .	Harper & Bros.
Sauvage, L. Causeries avec Mes Elèves. . . . .	Cassell Pub. Co.
Smith, G. A Trip to England. 75c. . . . .	F. W. Christern.
Snider, D. J. Homer in Chios. . . . .	Macmillan & Co.
Stevens, B. F. Facsimiles of Manuscripts Relating to America. Vol. IX. \$5. . . . .	St. Louis, Mo.: Sigma Pub. Co.
Stifter, A. Das Haidedorf. 50c. . . . .	London: B. F. Stevens.
Strong, J. Our Country. 60c. . . . .	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
	Baker & Taylor Co.



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